

GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

Daily Edition.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR BY J. D. BROWN, AT THE GLOBE-REPUBLIC OFFICE, 115 N. 10TH ST., PHILADELPHIA.

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More Sabbath School Festivities.

The Lagoda avenue Congregational chapel Sunday school had its first Christmas festival last evening, and, although it was the last of the year, it was by no means the least of similar gatherings during this holiday season, thanks to the united efforts of many of the ladies of the neighborhood, who went to work to make the event one of special interest, in which they met with abundant success. The crowd was so great that many visitors necessarily stood during the opening exercises, for which the following programme had been prepared:

Music, Congregational church choir.
Prayer, Rev. Mr. E. Fay.
Tis a Happy New Year, Lucy Lodge.
Santa Claus and his Men, Barge Parks.
The New Year, Miss Guthrie as "Grandmother," and children.
The Voice of the Heavens, Gertrude Munday.

Singing, by the Infant School.
Praise Ye the Lord, Mrs. Miller.
Trouble Ahead, Willie Webster.
Little Sheaves, Miss Fay's class.
I Love Them, Anna Temple.
Music, by a male quartette.

The performers are all deserving of the highest credit and in some cases were heartily applauded.

Many and very acceptable addresses were made at this point by Mr. Rose Mitchell, vice president of the Clark county Sunday School Union, who referred pleasantly to his recollections of thirty years ago, and by the Rev. Wm. H. Warren, pastor of the Congregational church. After the address Santa Claus, in costume (Mr. E. Danforth), made his appearance and began the distribution of gifts to each scholar in the school, from as large and handsome a Christmas tree as has gladdened the eyes of a company like this, this year certainly. There were handsome remembrances, also, for Rev. Mr. Fay, who is supplying the pulpit, the superintendent, Mr. C. E. Folger, and several of the teachers.

Then followed a supper in abundant supply for the more than 200 persons present, and everything of the very best, also prepared by the ladies living in the vicinity of the chapel, who manifested great zeal in all these preparations.

During the evening there was a sale of fancy articles made by a girls' sewing-school, which has been conducted for some time at Mrs. Danforth's residence. A nice sum was realized.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

Happy Time Last Evening at the Installation of Officers of Mitchell Post No. 45, G. A. R.—Presentation, Supper and Addresses.

The leading soldier organization of the county never was credited with a handsome achievement than that of last evening, the main object of which was the installation of newly-elected officers of Mitchell Post No. 45, Grand Army of the Republic. There was a large turnout of badge comrades of the Post and prominent among the invited guests were the members of the Women's Relief Corps and of Z. B. Phillips Camp, Sons of Veterans, who were most welcome. Altogether the assemblage numbered over two hundred ladies and gentlemen, many of the latter in uniform.

Past Commander D. C. Putnam acted as installing officer, and the following were inducted according to prescribed forms into their respective positions: Commander, F. S. Penfield; Senior Vice, Am. Winger; Junior Vice, T. E. Lott; Surgeon, Dr. Barry; Chaplain, R. F. Delo; Quartermaster, J. M. Sander; Officer of the Day, S. J. Scott; Officer of the Guard, T. D. Grant; Adjutant, Chas. W. Shewalter; Q. M. Sgt., the Kinley; Sgt. Major, Wm. B. Ballinger. Three tables were spread, after these exercises, the length of the hall, and covered with a big spread, which, in the composition, proved to the taste of all, the "good old army brand" bearing a conspicuous place in the menu. After supper the following order of exercises was observed, the only lack here being the absence of music:

Reading, "Old Huldah," a ballad of Maribeech, Mrs. V. P. Latimer.

Reading, "The Vagabonds," Mrs. W. S. Hoffman.

Readings by Mrs. Col. W. J. White.

Toasts: "The Grand Army of the Republic," D. C. Putnam.

"The Sons of Veterans," Capt. W. D. A. O'Brien.

"The Boys of Twenty Years Ago," Fletcher White.

"The Needy Soldiers," Capt. A. S. Bushnell.

Chaplain Delo acted as Toast Master and the applause that greeted each lady eloquist and those who responded to toasts showed the appreciation of the audience.

The chairman read a letter from Commander B. L. Barr, of Powell Post, Tremont City, acknowledging an invitation to attend these festivities and extending an invitation to Mitchell Post to attend a similar affair by Powell Post on the evening of January 10.

There was an informal presentation to the Post early in the evening, by the wife of Q. M. Nuffer, of an altar cloth and table scarf, for the Post Commander's station, of blue lady's cloth elegantly fringed in gold and with the monogram "G. A. R." embroidered in the points of the altar cloth, which is in the form of a star. Commander Gugenheim feelingly acknowledged the gift, which is fully appreciated by the members of the Post.

The company did not separate until after eleven o'clock, all expressing the pleasure they had experienced.

A NEW YEAR'S DRUNK.

Results Rather Seriously to one of a Party of Tramps.

A terrible accident, the result of a drunken fight, occurred last night about nine o'clock, near Brain's woods, east of town. About the time mentioned some parties saw a blaze and rushing over found a man in the midst of the flames, but unconscious of his danger. They pulled him out and hastily summoned the patrol wagon. On its arrival the officers found two other men lying near, one of whom was very drunk. All three men were taken to the station-house, where they gave their names as Charles Johnson, Frank Paynter and Charles Condon, the latter being the man who was burned. Several blankets were placed on the floor in the office, on which Condon was laid. Dr. Russell was quickly summoned, and dressed the man's wounds. An examination showed that the flesh in some places was burned to a crisp, and it is feared that his injuries may prove fatal. When he caught fire he was evidently lying with his left side nearest the fire, as his right arm and shoulder, his chest, and the left leg from the thigh to below the knee, present a sickening sight, the flesh in some places being burned off the bone. His right leg is also burned, but these wounds are very slight. After his wounds had been dressed he was removed to the room occupied by the women. Here all night long he lay and suffered untold agony, but was attended by one of the female convalescents. Sadie Wilson, a notorious woman, set up all night and did everything in her power to relieve the poor fellow's suffering. When a reporter visited him this morning he was comatose, and did not appear to be suffering much pain. In answer to an inquiry as to how it was done, he replied: "Oh, I

don't know. I was drunk, and I suppose the others were. I did not know I was burned until I woke up in the station-house several hours after I was brought in. I remember of having a fight with Paynter shortly after we came to town, but I don't remember anything after that, and of course I couldn't tell how I got into the fire."

Condon says he lives at No. 555 Riddle avenue, Cincinnati, but he has been out in search of work at his trade, that of tool-maker, for some time. He met Johnson in Chillicothe the day before Christmas and the two have been together ever since. When they arrived here they met Paynter. The reporter also talked to Johnson, whose story, in every particular agreed with Condon's. He said that about two hours after they came to town Condon and Paynter became engaged in a fight; that he attempted to separate them but was himself struck by a man, who it seems had just come up as the fight began. The blow stunned him, but when he again awoke he tried to get nearer the fire, but was unable to do so. The next thing he remembers was seeing the crowd around the patrol wagon when he arrived. He says he did not know that Condon was burned until after they reached the station-house.

An attempt was made to get Paynter's account of the affair. He pretended to be asleep when first asked to, but by a little strategy he was caught "waking" in another way. He paced up and down the cell and seemed to be much worried about the affair. He attempted to put on an air of bravado, and refused to make any statement. He said when he had to tell him court he would do so, but did not propose to tell a half-dozen stories to newspaper reporters. Without any accusation being made against him, he burst out: "I'm not guilty of anything more than being drunk." He evidently knew more about the affair than he was willing to divulge. It is said by those who saw the crowd when brought in that Paynter was the only one who was sober. The officers made several inquiries about the affair, and Johnson willingly answered all questions and told all he knew of it. Several times during his recital, he was interrupted by Paynter, who told him to keep his "mouth shut." Paynter is not of very prepossessing appearance, and his actions in regard to this affair would not lead one to believe that he knew nothing of it.

The prisoners will be arraigned until Condon is able to appear, which will probably be several days yet.

Dorothy's Fair.

From an article in "Dublin City," by Professor Edward Dowd, in the December Century, we quote the following: "Through the faithful eyes of John Barrington we can see the fair itself unshorn of splendour. Here are tents formed of long wattles in two rows, inclined together at the top; over which for covering are spread patchwork quilts, window-sheets, rugs, blankets, old bedcovers, secured by ropes of hay. A broad-head or well-worn brush, a watchman's discarded lantern, surrounded by variegated rags torn to ribbons, serve the purpose of the tavern's ivy—this is a rustic bazaar or old-fashioned fair, such as we see as drinking may be had. Down the middle what a sea of red and blue and now are tables rest on mounds of hay, and benches, swaying under the sitters when the equilibrium becomes uncertain, run along the sides of the fair. The liquor got the mastery of one convivial fellow, says Sir John, 'he would fall off, and the whole row generally followed his example; perhaps ten or even twenty shillings boys were seen on their backs kicking up their heels, and being set up again, some lying quiet and some singing, roaring, laughing, or cursing; while others all on their legs were drinking and dancing and setting the whole tent in motion, till all began to long for open air, and a little wrestling, leaping, cudgeling, and tenting under the green grass.' The tent was then cleared out and prepared for a new company. A delightful aroma, in itself nourishing, filled the June air—mingle of nutmeg, steaming potatoes, Dublin Bay herrings, salt beef, and cabbage. As dusk a dozen fidlers and minor train strikes up a waltz, and of perhaps a hundred couple work away at their feet, till they actually fell off breathless. Matrons would bring the 'childer' to this paradise of cakes and simple toys, and these infantine revelers would assist the musicians with pop-guns and drums, and while the Under the summer moon, young men and maidens would utter their vows and fix the day for going before Father Kearney, who declared that 'more marriages were celebrated in Dublin the week after Dorothy's Fair than in any two months during the rest of the year.'"

A Muddy Campaign.

From "Recollections of a Private," in the December Century, we quote the following: "No one could be so sure as I was of my own right to get a gin rummy mud. We struck it thick. It was a knapsack. It was verily 'hick' marching. The foot sank very indolently into the mud, and reluctantly came out again; it had to be coaxed, and while we were persuading our reluctant feet, the willow right to get sinking into unknown depths; it came out of the mud like the noise of a suction-pump when the water is exhausted."

"The order was given, 'Route step;' we climbed the banks of the road in search of firm earth, but it couldn't be found, we were on pumping away, making about one foot in depth to two in advance. Our feet seemed to weigh twenty pounds each. We carried a number into the unknown depths of mud, but came out a number twelve, elongated, yellow, and nasty. The lost light proportion, it would be a mistake for anything but a foot, if not attached to a leg. It seemed impossible that we should ever be able to find our feet in their primitive condition. Occasionally a boot or shoe would be left in the mud, and it would be an exploring expedition to find it. Oh, that disgusting, sticking mud! And Rider declared that if Virginia was in the Union, she was now in the mud. A big Irish comrade, Jim O'Brien, facetiously took up the declaration of mud—mud, mudder, mudder—pulling a foot out at each varying depth of mud. He declared it would be impossible to dislodge an enemy stuck in the mud as we were."

"The army resembled, more than anything else, a congregation of flies making a pilgrimage through molasses. The boys called their feet 'pumpkins' and 'mud-balls,' and some of the 'pumpkins' were not quite so polite. When we halted to rest by the wayside, our feet were the way of ourselves and every body else. 'Keep your mud-holes out of way,' 'Save your pumpkins for another mudding,' were heard on all sides all night long, and the reckless, presuming and blundering common to the army, and which are not for print. The mud was in constant league with the enemy; an efficient ally in defence; a warfarer; equivalent to reinforcements of twenty thousand infantry. To realize the situation, you had to see the mud. To try to walk through it; particularly this experiment recom-

mended to those who were constantly crying, 'Why don't the army move?' It took the military world all from reading the Northern newspapers, that we had over the mud, and it would have pleased us much to have